THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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Placeat sibi quisque licebit. OVID.

Every one may entertain a good opinion of himself, this will always be lawful.

SELF-LOVE was planted in our minds by the hand of our MAKER for the most noble and beneficial purposes, thereby we are induced to active exertion, to avoid danger, procure pleasure, pursue fame, defend our country, support our independence, and through the hope of reward or fear of punishment, to engage in the most adventurous deeds. Yet this strong instinctive power has its boundaries prescribed in the nature of things and constitution of society, which it is criminal to pass.

If an inordinate desire after fame prompt a man to attempt things utterly beyond his power, tho' he may think that he is stimulated by self-love, he is under the dominion of temerity, and instead of receiving approbation, will inevitably be covered with disgrace.

Of the truth of these observations, OVID, from whom our motto is selected, has in PHÆTON given us a notable example: PHÆTON the son of PHOEBUS, was reproached by another stripling as being illegitimate: To investigate the truth, the proud high spirited boy visited his father's palace; the parent owned his offspring; but the youth, not satisfied with acknowledgment only, asks for tokens and pledges, that so he might put to silence all reproachers in future: The old man swears to give him whatever he should request.—The rash young man demands the guidance of his father's chariot, that is, to sit in the seat of power and government for one day; the father remonstrated, plead, argued, wept, but in vain, the boy was obstinate, an oath was given—the seat was filled with a

rash governour, without skill, experience, or strength, and on the close of the day, PHÆTON was no more!

Thus, self-love had produced in the youth something like itself, yet very different, *conceit*; he, proud of his abilities, thought himself equal to all things—but he found, when too late, he was miserably mistaken.

If we were possessed of such a power of discernment as to be able to weigh ourselves in the balance of equity, and scrutinize our own powers and attainments with as much keenness as we do the characters and acquirements of others, we would thereby be often kept from exposing our own ignorance, and not lay ourselves open to the shafts of ridicule.

DICK FOIBLE was bound to be an apothecary, and for the first two or three years, attended to that study with a diligence that gained him much credit; but at that period an opinion presented itself to DICK, that "his genius was not to be cramp'd over a pestle and mortar"—he would be a physician—the residue of his time, to please the boy, was bought off by his guardian, and DICK was placed under the care of an eminent physician to study physic—for some time all was well, the youth was pleased—physic was just the thing to his taste; but this also had its day: He again began to complain, anatomy was a dry study, committing to memory the names of bones and sinews and tendons and veins and arteries—physiology was still worse—and to sit by the bed of a sick man, examine all his causes of complaint, enter into his feelings, and relieve even by sympathising, did not suit a young man at all, it might indeed, and assuredly did, exactly agree with the character and age of such men as Dr. RUSH, whose company alone to his patients is medicine, who can pour in the wine and oil of consolation until the sick man smile, and cheered with the hopes of future felicity, for a moment forget his pains—but such scenes damped the spirits of a young man.—Physic he found was not to his taste; he however was now free and would choose for himself. MIRANDA's expedition, to emancipate Spanish America from the yoke of slavery, called forth public attention; DICK was in uniform in a twinkling, flourished about town with a sword by his side, and an officer's commission in his pocket: He had just discovered that he was not only born to be a great man, but also a great general, and an emancipator of his fellow men from tyrannic oppression. Liberty was in all their mouths: But, like PHÆTON, they had fixed upon a task superior to their strength,

their force was not adequate, their resources not sufficient, and the whole affair was injudiciously conducted. They fell the victims of their own rashness, and poor DICK has finished his course.

It is assuredly natural for every man to think well of himself—yet no man should be so vain as to entertain the opinion, that because he can play well at chess, therefore he is qualified to conduct an army; because he can breathe a vein, that therefore he is a skilful physician; because he has smattered a little Latin or French, that therefore he is a complete philologist; because he has presided at a town meeting, that he is qualified for filling the presidential chair, or because he has settled, as a lawyer, a few lawsuits to the advancement of his own credit and the interests of his clients, that therefore he is qualified to be a governour—Diffidence and presumption appear to be the extremes in the human character; MODESTUS thinks himself qualified for no station but that of a plain farmer, though his reading is extensive, his judgment of men and manners accurate, his skill in the constitution and laws of his country very great, and the goodness of his heart, and correctness of his understanding acknowledged by all parties:—Not so CAUSIDICUS, he is equal to all things, nothing to him is a mystery, he is acquainted with all subjects, prepared for all employments—to command an army would be placing him in his element—appoint him senator, he was born a legislator—for the office of foreign ambassador, it was what he could fill with honour to himself, for all the intrigues of courts and modes of diplomatic intercourse he had at his fingers' ends—in short, he is your man of all mind, fit for every situation, and labours only under one difficulty—he can persuade nobody to believe him.

Between these two characters lies the line of truth—to think of ourselves as highly as we ought to think, is a duty, but by exceeding this direct line of conduct, we prepare for ourselves, if not ruin, at least pain, disappointment and disgrace.

OBADIAH OPTIC.

☞ THIS number concludes the '*History of Robert Rustic*'—it is written with much spirit, and we can easily see that at last he has found out his own 'turn'—practice will make him a good writer.

O. OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE HISTORY OF ROBERT RUSTIC.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(concluded from page 103.)

"*Father and I.*" Pater et Ego.

HAPPILY for me, I was rarely within the reach of my superior, being employed in other places—I prefered above all things to play about the streets with the village boys, I wonder my father did not discover in me a natural turn that way—I was very remarkable for my ingenuity in constructing play-things, as waggons, wheel-barrows, &c.—I always had the best bow, of them all; my tops would run longer and better, and my balls bounce higher than any of them—and it was I who procured from my professor's shop all the poisons, paints and combustibles necessary to perform experiments on hogs, dogs, horses, &c. which was my principal amusement;—the fame of my astonishing ingenuity caught the ears of my father, who was pleasurably surprised to hear of its being so superior to all my numerous companions—Well, no wonder, he would say, no wonder ROBERT could not make any progress in medicine; for surely he has a natural turn for mechanics—He would make a most ingenious carpenter! yes, yes, he was cut out purposely for a carpenter. My father informed my relations of my third turn, and exhibited to them as specimens of my superlative ingenuity, a variety of bows, waggons, wheel-barrows, &c.

I took up the plane, saw, &c. with pleasure, inasmuch as I grew sick at the thoughts, of again poring over BOERHAAVE and SYDENHAM, not considering the unhappy effect my father's strange notions of education would have on my future life.

I was a carpenter several months, in which time I made eleven waggons for the neighbouring children, three ships in miniature; a cross-bow, and bird-cage for a young man whose sister suited my turn so well that I was in love with her; besides innumerable wooden presents for the young ladies, such as bedsteads, cradles, &c. in miniature, merely for curiosity and not *use*, and all to the astonishment and heartfelt satisfaction of my father, who was blind to every fault—I have always had a natural turn for the ladies, and this is the most remarkable æra of my sufferings from love—I must do the la-

dies justice by saying, they were the cause of all the improvements, at any rate accomplishments, which I do, or ever have possessed. Being desperately in love, and threatened by a most terrible rival, I went to the bookstore immediately and purchased CHESTERFIELD's letters to his son—this is the only work I ever read entirely through, and the only one too I ever read without falling asleep—I studied it day and night, and went through my polite exercise as carefully and as regularly as a recruit does his military evolutions. Having completely stored my memory with all CHESTERFIELD's rules, his seductive arts, his recipes of flattery, &c. &c. I sallied out from my room, to see my illustrious dulcinea, without doubting in the least, that I was perfectly irresistible—But alas! alas! poor girl, she understood my refined *Chesterfieldian* politeness no more than PIZARRO or CORTEZ understood the unintelligible ceremonies of the Mexican savages—she really reported I had become lunatic, that she might have it said, that the ardour of my love for her was the cause—yet I did not despair—I called in the aid of Apollo and the muses—and, after incessantly scratching on the fiddle, and making rhimes and acrostics for twelve months; I sallied forth again, as confident as before—I mounted Pegasus, flourished, a *flag* of acrostics, love sonnets, and stanzas, and grasp'd as my weapon a martial, harsh featured old fiddle.—"The shout of battle now began, and *discord* such as heard on earth till now was never." All would not do! I could neither *wound* or *imprison* her, but, as might be expected, I put her to *flight*.

My good mother hinted one day to my father, that it would not do! That I was idle, and should be kept steadily to my occupation—and that I had lost all my taste for mechanics—never mind! never mind my dear, said he, I am constantly watching his turn, there's nothing like it—many, many such a precious genius as our son BOB's has been rendered useless by following an occupation for which it had no turn—My mother did not approve his theory of education, but was silent.

About this time came some strolling players into our country; after refitting an old church, which was falling to ruins for want of religious subscriptions to repair it, and which had been for several years successively a stable for the stage inn, a lumber house, and a deposit of military stores, such as drums, colours, fire-arms, &c. they commenced their exhibitions—they were universally applauded; a puppet-show being the only thing like a theatrical exhibition we had ever seen.—It

was however a question of much doubt, and a source of much argumentation, whether Punch in the puppet show, or their clown deserved the honour of preference—indeed, a third party were warm advocates for the opinion that a monkey, which had been shewn six months previously, was equal to either.

It is certain their exhibitions would have been little encouraged, had the clown been wanting. The day after their first exhibition, boys, women and men were incessantly imitating the clown—his oddities, his outlandish, monkeyish actions, and horrible grimaces, were so pleasing, that they talked like him, eat and drank like him, and upon the whole, were exceedingly like him. I have been surprised to see some of our gentlemen of the first rank, walking the road together, when one of them would be suddenly convulsed, twisted and distorted, as if in an epilepsy; but a loud laugh immediately after it, always convinced me they were imitating the clown!

Our parties and dancing assemblies were enlivened by gentlemen, who acted *Bonniface* to the great delight of the ladies —I can scarcely tell which the ladies gave the preference to, a clown, a monkey, or a fop—they were all animals we had rarely been pestered with, a transatlantic fop, was always highly pleasing to our delectable fair ones, insomuch that after seeing such a curiosity, they could not relish a gentleman if he had not been sprinkled with salt water—I would sincerely advise our American chemists to take a voyage from this to England, and analize the atmosphere and salt water the whole way, in order to discover this wonderful thought-inspiring æther! I have no doubt but it would bear a good price in Philadelphia, among the gentlemen, both authors and gallants —But to return to my story—I took up with these notable actors, and soon learned to perform as miraculously and unaturally as any of them; but unfortunately my face being young, not ugly enough, and rather too inflexible to be writhed into the necessary grimaces, I was therefore thought much inferiour to the clown—I could twist my body into any shape, leap high and laugh and roar sufficiently loud, but my countenance, (tho' I made it as horrible as possible) when compared to the clown's, was as a calm smiling sunshine, to a "deep fermenting tempest brew'd in the *grim* evening sky!"—I was exerting myself, and letting forth all my acting powers one evening, before a crowded house, when my father roared out, well done Bob! you were born to be a great actor!—while the

whole audience, (except my father and relations, as I thought from pure envy) hissed me, to my great satisfaction? Now my father had no doubt but he had at last caught my turn—but alas! what a foot-ball has fortune made of me! The players were not able to pay the expences of refitting the old church; the bailiffs fell upon them from every quarter; some made their exit and some were imprisoned; which, bringing about the catastrophe of their farce, the curtain dropped! I was woefully disappointed, and felt I suppose, as a peacock looks, all drooping and wet with rain, which a few minutes before had been proudly strutting in the sunshine, each feather reflecting "blaze on blaze!"

A merchant was at this time just setting off for Philadelphia—I offered to accompany him! he assented—accordingly, not six months ago, I started from my native place, as his companion and fellow traveller, with this difference (if worth mentioning) that I generally rode behind him, and carried the portmanteau and baggage, blacked his boots, &c. however, I was even with him, for he not only paid all the expences, but gave me a handsome compensation for performing the duties of my office—how could I complain!

Thus, gentle, sympathising and tear-dropping reader, my father's grand theory of education, turned out! I can't help thinking, if he had kept me *strait* instead of watching my *turns* and leaving me to my own wild inclinations, I might have become a greater man than I am—it is also my opinion that my father might as well have watched the turns of the weathercock on his old barn to discover its thoughts and innate propensities, as to have watched me *turning* like it with every *gust* of youthful passion, to find out my natural disposition.

I would fain give the ladies of Philadelphia an account of that part of my life, that "little month," in which I have flourished among them—Among us! I think I hear you scream—truly ladies among you—am I not a stranger!—do you scrutinize characters and trace pedigrees? I assure you, I dress as well as most of your beaux, can talk as interestingly, am as bold and impudent, and have all such pleasing recommendatory qualifications—and I assure you if you will inquire into the characters of your visitors, and know who are introduced to you as companions, you will find many of them not more worthy than your humble servant,

ROBERT RUSTIC.

ANNUAL INSANITY.

THE tyrannical governour of Irank being one day separated from his attendants in hunting, and meeting an Arab, wished to know the wanderer's opinion of his government. "What sort of a person," said he, "is your ruler?"—"Cruel, treacherous, blood-thirsty, and an adulterer," replied the Arab—Dost thou know me?"—"No," replied the Arab. "I am your governour." The Arab, sensible of the danger into which he had brought himself, with a composed countenance asked, "Dost thou know me?"—"No," was the reply. "Then know," added he, "that I am one of the landholders of this desart, and all our family are by an unfortunate fatality affected with insanity for three days every year; this is one of my insane days." The tyrant, though hurt and irritated, smiled at his ingenuity, and permitted him to depart in peace.

SCOTCH UNDERSTANDING.

A LADY asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honour of the country no one be permitted to leave it, who is not a man of understanding."—"*Then*," said she, "*I suppose your lordship was smuggled.*"

AN APOLOGY.

WHEN Chrysippus was introduced into the presence of Dionysius, and according to the custom of the Court, fell upon his face, and kissed the oppressor's feet; he was asked by Plato, how he, who was a Greek, a free man, and a philosopher, could fall postrate before a tyrant, and adore him? he answered, that *he had business with the tyrant, and if his ears were in his feet, he must speak to him where his ears lay?*

ANCIENT ASSURANCE.

ARISTIPPUS once asking Dionysius the tyrant for an hundred talents, "What!" exclaimed the king, "is it not your doctrine, that a philosopher wants nothing?"—"Give me my demand," replied Aristippus, "and *then* we will talk of this." When he had received the sum, he said, "Did I not rightly teach that a philosopher wants nothing? how can he be said to have wants, who has a sovereign ready to supply them?"

Errata—In the poem on *Smoking*, page 107, first line, for *peasant* read *pedants*.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

SUMMER.

LO! sultry summer, from the skies,
Darts down his ardent beaming eyes!
The dusty farmer from his door,
Now looks his sun-burnt meadow o'er;
Surveys his fields, his dearest care,
Sees parching sun-beams dancing there,
Whilst round him, with declining head,
The panting cattle seek the shade.
Haste, sultry summer, haste away,
I sink beneath thy scorching ray.

The thirsty trav'ler drench'd with sweat,
Now pants beneath the summer's heat;
And lifting oft his streaming head,
He longs to gain the distant shade;
No more we bask in Phœbus' rays,
But thank the clouds which hide his blaze;
Lament his tedious, tardy flight,
And anxious wait the welcome night—
Haste, sultry summer, haste away,
I sink beneath thy scorching ray.

Unnumber'd insects swarm the air,
The cool shade haunt, and vex us there;
With venom swell'd, and firey eyes,
The hissing adder couchant lies;
The noisy frog croaks loud and harsh,
Along the sickly, slimy marsh;
The scorpion, lizard, loathsome toad,
And countless reptiles, fill the wood;
Haste, sultry summer, haste away,
I sink beneath thy scorching ray.

In vain the thirsty warblers fly,
Their chrystal streams to seek, now dry;
No more the gushing fountain flows,
Its pebbled channel arid grows;
The river, once majestic, wide,
Now creeps a sluggish, shallow tide;

The pool which dread contagion bears,
A mantle green and sickly wears—
Haste, sultry summer, haste away,
I sink beneath thy scorching ray.

Now silent, blazing thro' the air,
The blasting meteors frequent glare;
Now quick fell lightnings fire the sky,
And burst the gloomy clouds on high;
Now hoarse, dread thunder, from his cloud,
Speaks awful, terrible and loud;
Cleaves the strong oak, earth's basis shakes,
Whilst man, affrighted mortal, quakes;
Haste, sultry summer, haste away,
I sink beneath thy scorching ray.

Death's awful messenger of war,
Dread *yellow fever* mounts his car;
And on the parching sun-beam flies,
With ghastly terror in his eyes;
Now on its hinge the church-yard gate,
Doth solemn and unceasing grate,
And all day long, the church-bell tolls
The requiem of departed souls—
Haste, sultry summer, haste away,
I sink beneath thy scorching ray. THE STRANGER.

ORIGINAL.

STANZAS TO A LADY

WEARING A BUNCH OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

WHAT means that bauble? cast the toy away!
Nature revolts at fancy such as thine;
Can the pale moon irradiate the day?
Or waters freeze beneath the burning line?

The tint of Nature on thy dimpled cheek,
Indignant smiles on the poor pow'rs of art!
For Nature's beauties in herself we seek!
Superior bloom she bounteous doth impart!

Thy ruby lips, the painted rose displays
To imitate, in vain, its borrow'd hue,
And all the efforts of my artless lays,
Feebly describe what Heaven gives to you!

Can that frail flow'r thy panting bosom wears,
Add to thy beauty? no! the poor deceit

Receives therefrom the only sweet it bears!
Cherish'd by thee within its kind retreat.

Nature in thee requires no aid of art;
Away that painted bauble from thy breast!
To more deserving worth thy love impart;
Be more deserving worth by thee caress'd.

For know, dear girl, that all thy youthful charms,
Would not be such, if virtue were not there;
When Heaven directs, grim death alike disarms
The power of beauty, and the load of care!

With virtue arm'd, pursue the road of life,
Therein securely pass your number'd days;
Till Heaven shall call you from a world of strife,
To joys eternal, and eternal praise. E.

ORIGINAL.

MONEY.

VERY RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO ANY BODY.

WHAT is it that makes a man,
Whether learned, grave, or funny,
Great and good in every plan?
Money, money, potent money.

What must genius, virtue, parts,
Making no foul wretch their crony,
Yield to in this world of arts?
Money, all-subduing money.

What to vice will soonest lead?
Make a clown a macaroni?
Form to baseness heart and head?
Money, passion-mad'ning money.

What will gain a villain sway,
O'er his black deeds brightness sunny
Fling, and make them fair as day?
Money, wonder-working money.

What makes man with awe behold
The dunce unletter'd as a poney,
And stupid as a flag-stone cold?
Money, money, mighty money.

Would'st be follow'd by a crowd?
Rush then, be it dark or sunny—
Far and wide and cry aloud,
Money! money! money! money!

As unkennel'd hounds at morn
  Each keen vieing with his crony,
Follow glad the hunter's horn
  O'er the hills, or wide plains stoney.

Even so, see millions fly,
  Round the world they chace the honey,
Rustling, jostling, this their cry,
  Money! money! money! money! GLORMON.

ORIGINAL.

H O P E.

THO' far in foreign lands I go,
Chain'd by th' inhospitable foe;
Thō' by the ruthless tempest toss'd,
And driving, on the rocky coast;
Tho' boist'rous billows o'er me break,
Whilst I cling trembling to the wreck;
Hope, cheering cherub, still my guest,
Smiling, points me to the WEST.

Tho' friends prove false, and DELIA scorn;
Tho' pow'r and wealth from me be torn;
Whether deceitful fortune cheer,
Or adverse frown on me severe;
And whether *east*, *west*, *south* or *north*,
My fate conducts me o'er the earth,
Hope, cheering cherub, still my guest,
Points me to my native WEST. THE STRANGER.

ORIGINAL.

PROCRASTINATION.

——*Procrastination is the thief of time.* YOUNG.

MANY, when a thing's in view,
Resolve what they're about to do,
Till worn, in thought, thread-bare, the plan
At last, just drops where it began.

Now, those who airy worlds erect,
Thus doze and dream and never act,
Should seek employ along the strand,
With lynx-eye searching thro' the sand,
Whence, curious shells they may redeem,
To throw into the passing stream. GLORMON.